

## ROBBING AN EDITOR.

THE BURGLAR WHO GOT IN THROUGH THE CUPOLA.

An Amusing Story of How an Attempt Was Frustrated, and the One Who Made It Barely Escaped With His Life.

(Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.)

The "house with the cupola," as it was generally referred to, was situated at the head of the long and straggling street called Main street, in the village of Davisburg. It was built for and occupied by the editor of The Clarion. To be more explicit, Mr. Bonest, as I will call him, was editor, publisher and proprietor of The Clarion. Mr. Bonest wasn't much of an editor, and The Clarion wasn't much of a newspaper, but both managed to exist. The editor was fifteen years building the house with the cupola. All the lumber, hardware, plastering and painting was secured by advertising and subscriptions. Notwithstanding, for now and then the editor put in a day or two with saw and jackplane, and now and then the office force was sent up there with brush and paint. The office force consisted of a boy, anywhere from thirteen to sixteen years old, who acted as "devil," and an old man named Foslack, who acted as foreman, pressman, local editor, job printer and so on. It wasn't always the same boy, for boys change as do the seasons, but it was always Foslack. He was forty years old when the cellar was dug; he was forty-five when the house was inclosed; he was fifty when the windows were put in and the outside doors hung, and he was a day or two over fifty-five when the editor moved in. Some of the rooms were not "done off" yet, and the cupola was only an open framework, but the editor concluded to move in and take fifteen years more to finish up.

One day a week or so after The Clarion's announcement that "we have finally moved into our new house on the hill, and our wife is well pleased with the location," the wife was called away by the illness of a relative, and that night the editor had the house all to himself. It was an autumn night, and he shut himself in as much as possible, because the weather was chilly. It was midnight by the clock he had taken in exchange for a half column ad, on the third page for six months, when he was aroused from his dreams. A man with a pistol sat on the bed beside him. A lamp had been lighted by the intruder, and the editor had only to open his eyes to realize that something had happened to knock his usual routine into "pi."

"I want money," growled the intruder as he saw that the editor was awake.

"How did you get in?" queried the latter.

"By way of a ladder, the roof and the cupola, if you want to know. Come, shell out!"

"My friend, we have nothing to shell," was the honest reply. "We did have three dollars in cash, but we gave it to our wife when she went away today. You may possibly find thirty or forty cents in our trousers, but the sum total will not reach fifty."

"You are a—of a man, you are!" exclaimed the burglar. "Get out of bed and look around. I've got to have money, and you must shell out or take the consequences."

"My friend, we'll get out of bed and we'll search around, but the result will be fruitless. The fact is, we've got to borrow money of some one to get our next bundle of paper. Couldn't you?"

He was about to ask if the burglar couldn't take it out in advertising at regular rates, and offer him space next to reading matter on the fourth page, but the man made a gesture of impatience and the proposal was shut short.

"Now overhaul that bureau," commanded the burglar as Mr. Bonest got into his trousers.

The sum total of wealth would not have figured up a dollar. There was an old locket, a washed finger ring and a plated watch chain many years old. The burglar was indignant and made threats. He ordered Mr. Bonest to accompany him about the house and overhaul closets and trunks and boxes. He even insisted on a search of the pantry, saying that he had heard of people hiding their money in old teapots on the top shelf. As the editor appeared to be mild mannered and harmless the burglar gradually relaxed his precautions. They had finished with the pantry when Mr. Bonest saw his opportunity. Urged by a force he could not resist, although he had never even knocked a chip off a man's shoulder in his life, he struck out with his right and hit the stranger on the point of the jaw. It was a prize fighter's blow, and the stranger was put to sleep. Mr. Bonest lost thirty seconds of valuable time in recovering from his amazement, but then he reached for one of the half dozen clotheslines he had taken in payment for a three inch ad, on the third page, and in a couple of minutes had the man securely bound. He was in time. Indeed he had started a bit of fire in the kitchen stove and drawn up the family rocking chair before the burglar regained his senses.

"Well, as you see, the tables are turned," observed the editor as he set his chair in motion.

The burglar struggled and cursed and threatened, but he was helpless.

"As an editor," continued Mr. Bonest, "we have continuously and persistently advocated that we had too much law in this country, and that most of the laws were too severely enforced. Take the crime of burglary, for instance. We can remember fifty different instances where we have declared that the minimum penalty even was a relic of barbarism. We have strenuously contended that men were driven to crime in order to procure the necessities of life, and that instead of more prisons we needed more aid societies. Our esteemed contemporary has always taken an opposite view, and our arguments have been very exhaustive and raucous. Were you driven to this crime because of hunger?"

"Look here, you old bloke, I'll have your life for this!" replied the burglar.

"Are you hungry?"

"Hungry! D'y'e think I'm a fool?"

"Have you looked in vain for opportunity to turn your muscle into money in an honest way?"

"D'y'e mean work?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are a sap headed idiot! I'd like to catch myself working!"

"Then you are a criminal from choice, eh?"

"Of course I am, you moon faced fool, and unless you untie me I'll have your life for this!"

"Then our esteemed contemporary has been right all along!" sighed Mr. Bonest as he looked down upon his victim. "Our arguments have been founded upon ignorance, and our deductions have convinced no one but myself. You are the first criminal we have encountered in the flesh. All our arguments were based on criminals in the abstract. We have been deceived. Our deductions have been put to flight."

The robber cursed him high and low and struggled with his bonds, and Mr. Bonest continued:

"Better late than never, however. We shall now advocate the maximum punishment and more. You entered our house to rob us. Let us see if you have anything worth taking."

He knelt down beside the man and

searched his pockets. The search brought to light a gold watch, thirty-seven dollars in cash and a diamond pin—the proceeds of a crime committed elsewhere.

"Ah! This is better!" chuckled Mr. Bonest. "This is more money than we have handled in three months. We shall appropriate everything to our own personal benefit. It is lucky you paid us this visit. This plunder dispels any last lingering doubt that necessity drove you to crime."

For the next two minutes the burglar indulged in a continuous stream of blasphemy, and wound up by uttering the most terrible threats of what would happen when he got free.

"If such are your intentions," replied Mr. Bonest after a visit to his bedroom to put away the plunder, "it is only reasonable that we should reciprocate the sentiment which inspires you."

He picked up the broom, which was one of a dozen received for a 4-inch ad, published six consecutive weeks following local matter, broke off the handle, and for five long minutes he pounded the burglar's body from chin to heel. The man yelled and cursed and rolled over and over on the floor, and when the blows ceased to fall he said:

"If I have to live a thousand years I'll have your life for this!"

"Another one of our pet theories has been that criminals were not vicious," replied the editor as he sat down to rest.

In the last issue of The Clarion we had a half column article on the subject. We contended that the average criminal had neither spite nor malice, but was simply seeking to get what the world denied him—a living. You seem to be a thoroughly wicked man."

"You bet I am!"

"In our issue of two weeks ago we contended that the average robber aimed to rob the rich only, and only because oppressed by capital. Were we correct? No, I see we were not. Further, the moment you realized that it belonged to a poor man. There are at least ten men in this town worth \$25,000 each, but you passed them all by. We further contended that the robber simply sought for plunder. Your actions, on first arousing us, led us to believe that failure to secure plunder would have led you to assault us."

"Yes, I wish I had put a bullet into your head and gone through the house afterward!" growled the man.

The editor arose and wielded the broom handle for another five minutes, and then sat down to remark:

"About six weeks ago there was a case of punishment in the New Jersey state prison which aroused public discussion. A convict refused to obey orders and was given the strap. We contended that a few kind words would have touched his heart and broke his resolution, while our esteemed contemporary argued that he should have been punished an hour sooner than he was. It seems that we were wrong in that particular also!"

"Look out for me, old man!" growled the burglar as he gritted his teeth.

"I see. Our whole line of reasoning from start to finish has been wrong, though we don't propose to admit it and give our esteemed contemporary opportunity to exult. We shall simply declare that we have closed the discussion for fear of wearying our intelligent subscribers. Excuse my pertinacity, but it was the knowledge that Gold, Vanderbilt and Astor had tens of millions while you had only a few shillings which drove you into crime!"

"You are a fool!" was the blunt reply.

"But tell me, could you have found work and lived an honest life had you so desired?"

"Work! Why, you hump nosed bloke, who wants work when he can make a living without! As for honesty, everybody grabs what he can get. The only thing I'm sorry about is that such a fool as you are should have laid me by the heels in this fashion. If I was free I'd roast you at the fire!"

"We believe you would, but you won't get free. We can now clearly see what an ass we have made of ourself in arguing as we have, and—"

And he rose up and applied the broom handle again until his shoulders ached. Greatly to his surprise, the burglar called for mercy.

"Can this be a parallel case of the New Jersey affair?" gasped Mr. Bonest. "All our kind words produced no effect on you, but corporal punishment seems to bring you to terms."

"For heaven's sake, don't wallop me any more!" whined the burglar.

"You have threatened to murder us."

"But that was all guilt."

"You would have robbed and maltreated us."

"But I'm sorry I ever came in here."

"How about living a thousand years to get revenge on us?"

"All nonsense! Say, old man, let up on me and I'll make tracks. You've had all the fun there was in it and can afford to turn me loose."

"Not yet. In our arguments with our esteemed contemporary we have repeatedly declared that criminals were only hardened by corporal punishment. We now discover that we have been altogether wrong, and that—"

"Don't! Don't!" shouted the burglar as Mr. Bonest spat on his hands and flourished the broomstick. "You didn't get all my money. If you will let me go I will tell you where I have hidden \$100."

"Well!"

"In that left boot. Take it and let me go, and you'll never see me around here again."

Mr. Bonest pulled off the boot and found five twenty dollar bills in it. He put them in his pocket and asked:

"Got any more?"

"Not a red. Now let me go."

Holding the burglar's revolver in one hand and using a knife with the other Mr. Bonest soon freed the fellow from bondage. He had no pluck left. He got upon his feet with a groan, opened the kitchen door as commanded, and the editor followed him around the house to the front gate. The man hadn't a word to say. He gained the highway and dragged himself out of sight in the darkness and has never been heard of in the village since. Mr. Bonest looked after him for a long time, hunted up paper and pencil and sat down and wrote:

OUR VICTORY.—From the numerous letters received from subscribers we are satisfied that we have won a complete victory over our esteemed contemporary in the discussion regarding criminals—how they are made such, how they should be treated, what kindness will do for them, etc. We shall therefore pursue the subject no further, but devote the space to additional box and general news of interest to our many intelligent subscribers.

The Flag at Half Mast.

The custom of showing the flag at half mast originated from the way at sea of showing the pre-eminence one ship had over the other in time of warfare. The vanquished always had to lower its flag, while the victor's would be raised as high as possible in exultation. To lower a flag is an act of submission, or betokens respect to a superior, or is a signal of distress. The hoisting of a flag half mast high came to be used, therefore, as a sign of mourning and respect.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Ancient Roman Way.

Among the ancient Romans all articles of food were cut into small pieces before being carried to the table. For cutting meat persons of rank kept a carver, designated the *seniores* or *carpenter*, who had the *cul* knife placed on the table.—Exchange.

# 1892 XMAS PRICE-LIST 1892

## Buy Your Goods From the Old Reliable and Save Money!

### S. ULLMANN & SON

#### C. O. D. GROCER AND LIQUOR DEALER!

Nos. 1820 and 1822 MAIN STREET, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth, Richmond, Va.

Telephone No. 316. Buy Where You Get the Best and Most for Your Money.

NEW RAISINS, 7c.		NEW CURRENTS, 5c.		MIXED NUTS, 11c.	
NEW CITRON, 18c. or 3 lbs. for 50c.		NEW SEEDLESS RAISINS, 10c.		3 lbs. FRENCH CANDY, 25c.	
ORANGES, 20c. per Dozen.		8 Packs FIRE-CRACKERS for 25c.		WINE FOR JELLY, 20c. quart.	
CANDIES, NUTS, &c.		SUGAR.		FLOUR.	
New Mixed Nuts.....	11	Light Brown.....	4	Snow Flake.....	\$4 75
Palm Nuts.....	10	Standard A.....	4 1/2	Bon-Ton Patent Family.....	5 00
or 3 pounds for.....	25	Granulated.....	5	Silver King Patent Family.....	5 00
Pecans.....	12 1/2	Cut-Loaf.....	6	Rye Flour.....	5 75
Philberts.....	12 1/2	Powdered.....	6	Rye Flour, per pound.....	3 1/2
English Walnuts.....	17	TEAS.....		Snow Flake Family, per pound.....	3
Almonds.....	20	Gunpowder, best.....	\$1 00	Silver King Patent Family, per lb.....	3 1/2
Shelled Almonds.....	25	Gunpowder, ext. a choice.....	75	Graham Flour, per pound.....	3 1/2
3 pounds French Candy.....	25	Gunpowder, superior.....	50	Silver King, per bag.....	35
Plain Candy, assorted, 3 pounds.....	25	Gunpowder, fine.....	40	Snow Flake, per bag.....	30
Chocolate Drops.....	25	Gunpowder, good.....	25	Family Flour, per bag.....	25
Purest French Candy.....	12 1/2	Oolong or Black, best.....	75	BAKING POWDER.....	
New Dates.....	6 25	Oolong or Black, superior.....	40	One-half pound boxes.....	5
New Figs, 3 pounds for.....	6 25	Oolong or Black, choice.....	25	Tip-Top, 1 pound boxes.....	10
Layer Figs.....	12 1/2	English Breakfast, best.....	75	Early's Yeast Cakes, per package.....	25
RAISINS, &c.		English Breakfast, choice.....	50	or 3 dozen for.....	25
New Raisins.....	7	English Breakfast, good.....	25	CANNED GOODS.....	
Extra Raisins.....	10	Japan, choice.....	50	Chipped Beef, 1-pound cans.....	20
Valencia Raisins.....	8	Japan, basket fired.....	50	Table Peaches, 3-pound can.....	12
London Layer Raisins.....	10	COFFEES.....		Pie Peaches, 3-pound can.....	12
Seedless Raisins.....	5	Arbuckle's Ariosa Coffee.....	22	Early June Peas.....	10
New Currants.....	10	Good Ground Coffee.....	20	Sweet Pickles, per quart.....	20
Lemon Peel.....	15	Green Kaffir, best.....	18	Pepper Sauce, per bottle.....	10
New Citron.....	18	Green O. G. Java.....	25	Horse Radish, per bottle.....	10
or 3 pounds for.....	50	Green Mocha.....	18	California Bartlett Peaches.....	25
Chalmers' Gelatine.....	10	Roasted Mocha.....	18	California Cherries.....	25
or 3 packages for.....	25	Roasted Mexican, best.....	25	California Egg Plums.....	25
Cox's Gelatine.....	7	Roasted Java.....	30	Goblet Mustard.....	10
New French Prunes.....	14	Roasted Languara.....	20	Mixed Pickles, per pint.....	10
Shred Coconut, per package.....	10	Roasted Mocha.....	32	Lima Beans, 4 pounds for.....	25
Lemons, per dozen.....	15	CRACKERS.....		Catsup, pints.....	10
Home-Made Mince Meat.....	8	Marvin's Soda Crackers.....	8	String Beans.....	10
Cranberry Sauce.....	10	Ice Cakes.....	10	Condensed Milk, per can.....	10
New Prunes.....	8	Nie-Nae Crackers.....	10	West of England Sauce.....	10
Pudding, per package, ass't flavors.....	10	Marvin's Cream Crackers.....	10	Corned Beef, 1-pound can.....	15
Cranberries.....	12 1/2	or 3 pounds for.....	25	Corned Beef, 2-pound can.....	25
New French Prunes.....	14	Oyster Crackers.....	25	Corned Beef, 4-pound can.....	40
Sweet Chocolate, per cake.....	8	Crackers, dust.....	10	Potted Ham and Tongue.....	10
Baker's Chocolate, per pound.....	40	or 3 pounds for.....	25	Potted Tongue.....	10
Epps' Cocoa, per package.....	20	Ginger Snaps.....	10	or 3 cans for.....	25
Large Bottles Vanilla and Lemon Extracts.....	5	Lemon Cakes.....	10	California Apples, per can.....	18
Oranges, per dozen.....	20	or 3 pounds for.....	25	Plum Pudding, per box.....	15
FIRE-CRACKERS.		Sea-Foam Wafers.....	15	Chow-Chow Pickles, per glass.....	10
Fire-Crackers, 8 packs for.....	25	Vanilla Cakes.....	10	Catsup, per bottle.....	10
LIQUORS.		IMPORTED GOODS.....		Canned Tomatoes.....	9
Wine, for Jelly.....	50	Oatmeal, fine.....	5	or 3 cans for.....	25
Port Wine.....	2 00	Oatmeal, medium.....	5	Canned Corn.....	9
Good Sherry Wine.....	1 50	or 6 pounds for.....	25	or 3 cans for.....	25
Claret Wine, per bottle.....	25	or 6 pounds for.....	25	FISH.....	
Whisky.....	1 25	Split Peas.....	5	Dutch Herrings, per dozen.....	30
Old Rye Whisky.....	1 50	or 6 pounds for.....	25	Gross Herrings, per barrel.....	\$3 25
Old Rye Whisky, 2 years old.....	2 00	Green Peas.....	5	N. O. Roe Herrings, per 1/2 barrel.....	3 25
Old Rye Whisky, 3 years old.....	2 40	or 6 pounds for.....	25	Swedish Herrings, per box.....	20
Old Rye Whisky, 4 years old.....	3 00	New Barley.....	5	New Cut Herrings.....	10
Old Rye Whisky, 5 years old.....	3 00	Tapiocha.....	10	Salt Salmon, per pound.....	10
French Brandy.....	2 00	Macaroni, imported.....	10	Canned Salmon.....	15
Pure Old Virginia Apple Brandy.....	2 00	Best Cream Cheese.....	15	or 2 for.....	25
California Brandy, 5 years old.....	5 00	or 2 pounds for.....	25	New Mackerel, per dozen.....	20
New England Rum.....	2 00	Pumpkin Seed.....	20	Canned Lobsters.....	50
Imported Gin.....	1 00	Sweet Oil, per half pint.....	10	Canned Lobsters.....	50
Blackberry Wine.....	1 00	Sweet Oil, per pint.....	15	North Carolina Roe Herrings.....	15
Flne Caruba Wine.....	1 00	Sweet Oil, per quart.....	40	or 1 1/2 dozen for.....	25
London Porter, per dozen.....	2 00	Colony Seed.....	12 1/2	Broiled Mackerel, per can.....	12 1/2
SYRUPS.		Verrelli.....	12 1/2	Cod Fish.....	6
Porto Rico.....	50	Sago.....	10	American Sardines, quarters.....	6
Good New Orleans Molasses.....	50	Olives, per quart.....	25	Imported Sardines, quarters.....	25
Silver Drip.....	50	Limes, per quart.....	25	or 2 for.....	25
Vanilla Syrup.....	50	Limburger Cheese.....	15	Spiced and Mustard Sardines.....	15
Golden Drip.....	50	Preserved Ginger.....	\$1 00	New Imported Sardines, halves.....	18
N. O. Molasses, best (new crop).....	70			Mustard Sardines, quarters.....	6

TRY TIP-TOP BAKING POWDER, one pound boxes 10c. FINE SALT, 50c. per bushel for dairy use. PRIME COUNTRY BUTTER, 25c. COOKING BUTTER, 18c.

## CHASED BY A PACK OF WOLVES.

A Bicyclist's Exciting Experience While Riding in Russia.

Mr. Fred W. Shaw gives in Land and Water an account of his being chased by wolves in the district of Pskoff. He had gone to Russia with a bicycle, and at the time he fell in with the wolves was on his machine, having covered a distance of some twelve miles in an endeavor to "head" some elk.

I had the (says) ridden but a mile or two on the right bank of the river, and I ought to be able to refresh my machine with a few drops of oil; but hardly was I on foot than, happening to glance back along the road, I saw something which at first sight caused a thrill of pleasurable excitement, but soon gave place to a very different sensation. Hardly a quarter of a mile behind, and coming towards me at the long gallop which covers the ground at a wonderfully rapid pace, were five large gray wolves. I saw the leader raise his nose, and, catching sight of me, cock his ears and give tongue, just as a dog might. There was a yell of defiance and delight, and I was being hunted. I was speedily up and away, and as I caused the pedals to whirl in a manner to which they were entirely unused, I tried to calculate coolly the probable relative swiftness of bicycles and wolves.

At least ten miles to go before I should reach safety. I might possibly do that in three-quarters of an hour, if the machine and my breath held out. Could the wolves accomplish the distance in less time? The situation was by no means one for trifling. When I had ridden a couple of miles I ventured to glance back, the result being the instantaneous conviction that wolves can travel faster than a bicycle. The brutes had gained upon me. They had gained 100 yards at least. At this rate, I quickly calculated, they would pull me down just about two miles before I could reach my destination and city of refuge. Lavrik, unless, I turned, they could not keep up the pace which I flattered myself was rather hot!

Another two miles and another peep behind me. The wolves were barely 200 yards away now, and coming along as though they enjoyed it. I could swear that the leading wolf licked his lips as he saw me look around. I tried to spur. The road was as level as a billiard table, and I strained every nerve to the utmost. But even as I did so it was borne in upon me that spurring would not do. I must slacken off at once, for I could never keep up the pace of the wolves. I was now traveling. In fact, I must economize all my staying powers in order to last out the distance at even my former rate of progression. Then, suddenly, an idea occurred to me.

I would ring my bell loudly and continuously, and see what effect this would produce. I pressed the bell, and turned round to observe whether the sound would check my pursuers. The effect was instantaneous. No sooner did the first clang of the gong ring out than the wolves—every one of them—stopped dead and disappeared behind the trees. I gave a yell of defiance and delight, and dashed on, ringing away for dear life. But my triumph was short-lived. On looking back a few moments after I found that my foes were again in full pursuit. However, I had gained a little.

On we flew, my gong sounding harsh and strident in the silence of the forest. It was magnificent, at least, if forest. It had been if it had not been so horribly dangerous. There was a rut trodden by horses running all along the very middle of the road. I avoided this and rode at

the side, which was smooth, for the runners of the light sledges do not, as a rule, wear the snow. It was easy enough, of course, to avoid the rut when riding straight ahead; but while looking around there was the danger of my front wheel slipping into it, and either checking the way of the machine or even causing a capsize. I had just turned my head to look round upon my pursuers for the twentieth time, when I was aware of gaining the rut, and now were within fifty yards.

Hearing a loud clatter in front of me, I turned back again to see what danger threatened me from that direction. In this twisting back and round again I allowed my front wheel to go out of the rut, and the next instant I was in it, and, before I had time to see what was happening, was, with my trusty bicycle, buried a couple of feet deep in the snow at the side of the road. I gave myself up for lost. All this did not take long to happen, and as I emerged from the snow I saw in time to see two things. A magnificent bull elk, followed by four smaller ones, just in the act of trotting across the road, not ten yards from me, striding through the snow at a long trot, their heads well raised and nostrils beating on their snouts. The other object was the little pack of wolves.

Scarcely fifty yards behind me when I upset, these were upon me in a moment, and I had barely time to seize the heavy spanner of my machine and put my back to a tree when, in a twinkling, the wolves, then but five yards from me, bricked up their ears, passed me like a flash of lightning, and darted away in pursuit of the elk. I picked up by bly, and, to put it mildly, rode away with all speed. I think I rode those three miles in "record time" anyhow. It was fifteen minutes less than two hours from the start when I scolded into Lavrik, and if I had not ridden twenty-eight miles I must have done very near it.

## LOW CAMPHOR IS MADE.